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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

From Morris's National Press.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Max dieth and wasteth away,  
And where is he?" "Mark!" from the skies,  
I hear a voice answer and say  
"The spirit of man never dies;  
His body which came from the earth,  
Must mingle again with the dust,  
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,  
Returns to the bosom of God."

No terror has death, or the grave,  
To those who believe in the Lord—  
We know the redeemer can save,  
And lean on the faith of his word.  
While ashes to ashes, and dust  
We give unto dust, in our gloom,  
The light of salvation, we trust,  
Is sung like a lamp in a tomb.

The sky will be burnt as a scroll,  
The earth, wrapt in flames, will expire;  
But, freed from all shackles, the soul  
Will rise in the midst of the fire.  
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,  
Who rest from their labors, forgiven;  
Learn this from your Bible instead:  
The grave is the gate-way to heaven.

Oh Lord God Almighty! to Thee  
We turn as our solace above;  
The waters may fail from the sea,  
But not from Thy fountain of love;  
Oh teach us Thy will to obey,  
And sing with one heart and accord;  
The Lord gives—the Lord takes away,  
And praised be the name of the Lord."

## REUNION IN HEAVEN.

BY WM. F. LEGGETT.

If you bright stars that gem the night  
Be each a blessed dwelling sphere,  
Where kindred spirits re-unite,  
Whom death hath torn asunder here;  
How sweet it were once to die,  
And leave this blighted orb afar;  
Mixed soul and soul to cleave the sky,  
And soar away from star to star.

But O, how dark, how dreary and lone,  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If wandering through each radiant one,  
We fail to find the loved of this;  
If there no more the ties shall twine,  
That death's cold hand alone could sever;  
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,  
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be—each hope, each fear,  
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,  
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,  
Than this black world that holds us now;  
There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
When heaviness weighs life's galling chain;  
'Tis Heaven that whispers—dry thy tears,  
'Tis pure in heart shall meet again."

## THIS STORY TALKER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

## MARRIED IN A JEST;

OR,

## THE TABLE TURNED ON A PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY J. AUSTIN SPURR.

"Delilah Moore! Delilah Moore! you'll be caught in your own trap some day. Oh, you'll change your tune, I'll warrant. You'll play a joke, some of these times, that will be a sorry joke for you; and old as I am, I'll live to see it, too."

But little did Delilah heed the warning shake of the finger, or the awfully prophetic words of Aunt Marcia, as she danced around the room in an ecstasy of fun, holding her graceful sides and filling the house with the merry music of her laughter. And what, think you, was the occasion of her extravagant mirth? Why, she had caught her aunt Marcia composedly dozing in her rocking chair; and we doubt whether a drowning man ever caught more eagerly at a straw than did the mercurial girl at one which lay, suggestive of sly mischief, upon the floor. Moving on tip-toe to the back of the old lady's chair, she extended the straw, and tickled her aged cheek the least bit in the world. Aunt Marcia gave her head a shake, as if to dislodge a saucy fly, and Delilah compressed her pretty red lips, to restrain her merriment. The straw was again applied, and the old lady raised her hand quickly, but without opening her eyes to brush away the annoyance. A third time was the provoking titillation repeated, when Aunt Marcia, though not a passionate woman, began to lose patience at the pertinacity of the supposed insect in disturbing her repose, and, in mere self-defence, resolved upon its destruction. Accordingly she raised her hand cautiously to within some six or eight inches of her face, and then brought it suddenly down with such force as to leave the red marks of her fingers there, and cause her cheek to tingle with the pain. Delilah could contain herself no longer, but fairly screamed with delight while her aunt, thus made a

ware of the source of the annoyance, with ominous gravity delivered the speech above quoted.

Lively as a cricket, and quite as noisy, was Delilah Moore. She was very pretty, too—indeed, bewitching. Auburn hair that floated in ringlets of gossamer lightness about the softest and fairest cheeks—light blue eyes, a light step, and a lighter heart, and rosy lips, that smiled incessantly, even in sleep—ah! what a little lump of mischievous sweetness she was! But she was most incorrigibly addicted to practical joking. I dare say there was not an individual in the village, who had not, at some time or other, been a victim of this propensity of hers; and yet nobody could be seriously angry with her. Very nervous people were afraid of her, but fond of her too; and by such she was treated something after the fashion in which children treat a playful pet-kitten—fondled, and careful, but always with due respect to her claws.

Many a village youth addressed her, but she proved a will-o-the-whisp to her wooers. She was never serious long enough to hear a proposal, so that most of them soon wearied in the butterfly-chase she led them. But even a butterfly is caught sometimes; and it is not to be supposed that Delilah could rove forever free. Her mother often said that just in proportion as she teased and annoyed and ridiculed particular persons, she loved them; and if this was a true criterion young Walter Lake must have possessed a very large share of her affections; for if there was any one she delighted to plague, and play tricks on more than another it was himself.

Walter was the son of one of the most wealthy and respectable farmers in the country, and was steadily pursuing the profession of law, in the village. He was one of her earliest admirers and had persevered in his addresses, when his more faint-hearted rivals gave up the seemingly vain pursuit; and yet, even with a clear field his endeavors to "bring her to the mark," seemed hopeless; and he, too, was beginning to despair, when a little accident, with a little ruse, betrayed the little castle of her heart which he had been so long besieging, into his hands.

He was walking in the garden with Delilah one evening, striving desperately to bring about a little bit of serious conversation, which she, with equal perseverance, evaded, by bursts of merriment and strokes of ridicule, when one of her frisky movements brought her foot into collision with a large beam, standing upright, receiving very precarious support from the bough of a tree which overhung the walk. It toppled over, and Walter, in the effort to shield her, caught the whole weight of the blow upon his right arm. It occasioned but a slight bruise, but perceiving the alarm which Delilah's features instantly exhibited, he turned the affair to good account, by affecting to be seriously hurt.

Of all people, those of a sanguine temperament have the quickest sympathies, and are the least able to control their emotions, whether of pleasure or pain. Delilah for once became as grave and serious as a judge, while her blue eyes swam with tears of unalloyed distress. Walter did not neglect the favorable moment to draw her almost unconsciously into an exposition of her real sentiments towards himself, and such a sweet and unreserved confession of love rewarded the stratagem, as made him inwardly bless the carelessness which had elevated the old timber stick to its peck-breaking attitude.

Delilah was fairly beaten at her own weapons. Almost ere she had time to think, she had exchanged vows and pledged her faith irrevocably. In the moments of delicious embarrassment which succeeded, the accident that had brought the tender scene about, was quite forgotten; and when she did recall the accident to mind, she was surprised to find that her lover's injured arm had, for the last five minutes, been circling her little waist with an affectionate vigor that was perfectly unnatural to a fractured limb.

"Oh you vile fellow!" she exclaimed, breaking suddenly away from him, with a return to her accustomed levity; "it wasn't fair—it's too bad to be cheated so; but won't I pay you for this the next time I catch you—trust me for that! and half-piqued at the ruse, yet highly delighted with its result, she tripped away to the house, leaving him alone among the flowers, to reflect upon the happy adventure.

It might be supposed that, now Delilah was engaged, the prospect of some day assuming the responsibilities of a wife, would make her more staid—more sedate and dignified. But not so; she was wilder, and more mischievous than ever. Just in proportion as her happiness was increased, her propensity for practical joking was increased also. The very next evening she succeeded in retaliating upon her lover the cheat he had practiced. Some friends were passing the evening with her, and a merry party she made it, with her fun and frolic. When it was nearly time for her company to withdraw, a little dispute arose between her and Walter, as to the precise hour.

"It's near eleven o'clock," said he.

"No," she returned, "scarce ten."

"What will you bet?" asked he, playfully.

"A Quaker flip," was the ready reply.

"Done!" done!

"The bargain was scarcely thus closed, when the silvery tones of the old clock in the hall, tolled ten."

"There, I've won!" exclaimed Delilah.

"Fairly won," answered Walter, but without manifesting any disposition to liquidate the debt.

"Well, cried his little sweetheart, in a tone of sly inquiry, 'aint you going to pay up?'"

Walter was staggered. However happy he might have been to pay the Quaker flip, (a coin with which the reader is doubtless familiar,) at a more fitting and private opportunity, he was mortified at her seeming want of modesty to demand

it in presence of so many witnesses, notwithstanding the light had been sent out of the room a moment previous.

"Why, how can I find you in the dark?" he stammered.

"A pretty excuse, indeed! Here I am, behind the table, ready to meet you half way over it; and if it's dark, so much the better—I need be at no pains to hide my blushes."

While the company were electrified at this unlooked for forwardness, Walter's gallantry, unable to withstand a second appeal, urged him reluctantly to the table, when a loud and unequivocal buzz, testified that the forfeit was duly and fully paid.

"Bring a light! bring a light, Ellen Smith!" cried Delilah, almost choking with laughter. The young lady addressed, anticipating sport of some kind, was not slow to comply, and upon her appearance with a light there stood the fun-loving girl, her fair fingers clinching tightly the great ears of her woolly-headed negro maid, whose ebony features were thus held across the table in the precise spot Walter had approached to pay the lost flip—Two rows of grinning ivory betrayed the delight with which Molly participated in the jest. Of course, the confused lover was greeted with convulsions of laughter, which he, with a lame grace, was forced to join in, while, at the same time, he made an instinctive manifestation of disgust, by applying his handkerchief to his mouth. The cream of the joke, however, Delilah alone enjoyed. While she had determined to turn the laugh upon Walter, she had no notion of being defrauded of her dues—but had in reality received the kiss herself.

Months passed on, and Delilah continued the same provoking, pretty, bewitching, mischievous little mad-cap as ever, with the exception that her jokes were not altogether as harmless as formerly, but became more seriously annoying in their character. To be sure she never occasioned pain to others, that she did not bitterly lament it and sorrow over inconsiderateness with penitence that was truly sincere—while it lasted. But the rebound of her feelings was always in proportion to the grief—which at the moment oppressed them and she was no sooner done mourning for the consequences of one excess, than she was guilty of a greater. Her mother scolded, her father threatened, and her lover entreated, but all alike ineffectually. The latter, indeed, sometimes thought seriously of giving her up entirely, for his judgment whispered to him that it would be impossible to live in harmony with such a mixture of mischief and caprice; but somehow his heart in the other scale always kicked the beam against his reason, and he could not master resolution to forsake her. Apart from her unfortunate peculiarity, she possessed every charm that was desirable in a woman; and Walter preached himself into forbearance, and lived along in the hope that she would some day see the impropriety of her conduct, and settle down finally to love, honor and obey, in sober earnestness, as a sensible woman should.

In the meantime, the various members of Delilah's family, who were kept in a continual ferment by her eccentricities, held an indignation meeting, at which, after due deliberation, it was resolved that she must be cured, and her worthy uncle, the doctor, was entrusted with the case.

"So, uncle, you have undertaken to cure my—what do you call the affection?—oh, I have it!—morbid propensity for joking!" exclaimed Delilah, as she tripped into his office the day after the holding of the family council.

"Kill or cure, you jocos—that's my maxim," returned the Doctor tartly, without taking his eyes from the paper upon which he was inditing a prescription.

"La! what a dear barbarous old uncle you are! But I hope you will adopt the homoeopathic treatment in my case."

"Homoeopathy be hanged!" The Doctor was intolerant of all innovations.

"I am quite taken with homoeopathy of late," continued Delilah: "I believe in the doctrine that like, and I won't be treated by any other system."

"Suppose we compromise it sauce-box," said the Doctor, peering over his spectacles with a twinkling of his small round eyes that meant more than he chose to utter; "suppose we compromise it, and say a homoeopathic remedy in allopathic proportions."

"Good! good!" exclaimed his merry niece; "I'll be your patient forever!"

The Doctor shook his head menacingly, and left his seat to rummage his book-shelves for a volume which he just then had occasion for. Delilah, so soon as his back was turned, slipped into his chair, unfolded the prescription which he had just written, and found it to read thus:

Rx—Argent. nit. gr. x.

Aquae dist. zig-zag.

With a scalpel which lay upon the table, the incorrigible girl dexterously erased some of the letters, and then with a pen interpolating others—a task which the Doctor's sprawling and disconnected crotchography rendered quite easy—soon altered the reading to the following form:

Rx—A gent. in kid gloves.

Agreeably disposed. Marry immediately.

When the Doctor resumed his seat, the altered prescription was carefully refolded and returned to its place—while Delilah, in another chair, was buried in the perusal of the last Gazette. A few minutes afterwards a servant made his appearance, and the prescription was placed in his hands, with directions to deliver it to Miss Olivia Afterprime. Miss Olivia, by the way, was a young maiden with a year or two on the fair side of fifty and of oppressively tender sensibilities.

The door had scarce closed after the servant, ere Delilah's pent up laughter burst forth. The Doctor started as if he had received an electric

shock. Knowing that those merry sounds portended mischief, his first impulse was to carry his hand to his head to make sure his wig was there, his next, to examine the skirts of his coat to see that no quizzing label was pinned to them. Finding his person exempt from the trick, whatever it might be, he turned to his niece with as much austerity as he could assume—for it was almost impossible to resist the contagion of her merriment—and said, approaching her with a demonstration of resoluteness—

"Get you gone, graceless! You've been at some of your mischief again!"

"De! lah, in unrestrained glee, scampered from the house, which was adjoining, and was soon engaged in poking new fun at her aunt. The Doctor, in the mean-while, commenced a diligent search of the office for the cause of her amusement. While he was thus engaged, his servant returned with the altered prescription, which solved the mystery. Miss Olivia Afterprime had, high gone into convulsions at sight of it, and in towering indignation, had sent immediately to employ another physician. Whether the Doctor was greatly grieved at the loss of his patient does not appear—but certain it is, that he inwardly vowed vengeance upon Delilah. Putting his hat over his eyes, and burying his hands deep in his pockets, he hurried forth to agitate a plot retributive.

When the Doctor returned to dinner, and found his niece at the table—there was a complacency in the air, and a sort of anticipated triumph in the twinkle of his eye, which seemed to say—"ah! I'm a fool, I have thee!"—No other allusion, direct or indirect, was made to the jest of the morning—if we except a sly smile that lurked in the corners of Delilah's mouth, as she suspended her knife and fork to glance roguishly into her uncle's face. Dinner concluded, she ran up stairs to get her bonnet to go home. She lingered a few minutes at the toilet to arrange her curls. This done, she turned to leave the chamber, but found it was "no go" for the door had been quietly closed, and the key turned upon the outside.

"Solo!" said she to herself, "I'm to be kept prisoner here till tea time, as a punishment for my trick. Ha! ha! what a retaliation! His vengeance hath this extent—no more! Bless his good natured pate!"

Quite contented with her *durance*, she took up a book, and seated herself by the open window. Her eyes soon wandered from its pages, however, and her attention was caught by "metal more attractive" without. In the piazza, at the rear of the hotel—which was just opposite, and divided from the doctor's residence only by the small yard attached to either building—stood a stranger who was leaning forward in an attitude of intense admiration, gazing at Delilah through his eye glass. He was dressed in the top of the mode—with long black hair, most fastidiously combed and curled; whiskers of a length and luxuriance that would have done no discredit to a Moslem, a moustache of elegant proportions; and what contributed to make his appearance eminently ridiculous, his eye-glass was applied over a pair of green spectacles. Although his air and manner was so decidedly *Frenchified* that there was no mistaking his nationality.

Delilah, ever on the alert for making a flirt, ran to the closet, brought forth a telescope, and resting it upon the window sill, applied it to her eye, and brought it to bear upon the queer stranger. Monsieur no sooner perceived himself the subject of her inspection, than he began making a most extravagant display of his admiration by gesticulating violently—laying his hands upon his heart, clasping them before his face, bending one knee, in an attitude of imploring adoration—and waiting her on the tips of his fingers numberless fervent kisses.

"The impudent fool," exclaimed our little quizzist, as well as amused at the man's conduct—"but I'll punish his impudence, and give him the slip at the same time."

Tearing the fly leaf from the book she had at first been engaged with, she scribbled upon it with her pen the following note:

"Oh! gentle Monsieur: I am locked up here by a cruel uncle. Fly to rescue me from this terrible imprisonment. There is a ladder in the yard, and you can easily elevate it to the window. Set me free, and you will be entitled to the eternal gratitude of the unhappy Prisoner."

Folding this paper with the thimble inside, she threw it over into the hotel yard. The Frenchman darted forward, caught it, pressed it eagerly to his lips, and opened it.

By this time several of the inmates of the hotel, male and female, and all intimates of Delilah's, the host himself being a relative of her father's—had crowded into the piazza, and were interested in watching the proceedings. The Frenchman, as soon as he had perused the billet-doux, cleared the fence at a bound; speedily elevated the ladder he found there to the window, and stood holding it firm for the gay little beauty's descent. She had no intention of exposing the prettiest foot and ankle in the village, to Monsieur's ardent gaze; but after thanking him a thousand times for his gallantry, bade him to return to the hotel, where she would soon join him to express her gratitude more fully.

"I have ver' much honor to obey Madamonselle!" Bowing humbly, he marched off, turning at every other step to kiss his fingers to her, and not neglecting in his passage to wrench a board from the fence, thus removing every obstacle to Madamonselle's escape. Delilah now descended and followed him.

"You see, Monsieur, it has not taken me long to join you," said she when she reached the piazza. "Oui, Ma'amselle; I shall have ver' large happiness if it will be no more to part."

"Ah, you are so modest," answered Delilah.

The Frenchman bowed very low in acknowledgment; and Delilah's friends here united their voices in commendation of his gallantry declaring that she could do no less, in pure gratitude, than reward the deliverer with her hand.

Perceiving from their merry glances that the company was ripe for fun, and considered the impudent stranger as a fair butt, the giddy girl exclaimed, addressing the landlord—

"Bring a broom, cousin Jack, and let me prove my gratitude to Monsieur by jumping the broomstick with him!"

"Jump the broomstick with Count de Laphinstank!" answered the good humored landlord, with a wink, "no; no, my little coz, we'll manage it better. Here's a young friend of mine, pointing to a young traveller, a recent guest who stood by, 'can play person for the nonce, and I'll furnish a feast gratis."

"But Monsieur has not signified his pleasure yet," said Delilah, with a glance at the Count.

"Oh," exclaimed the latter, "I have so much pleasure I cannot express."

"Very good," said cousin Jack, "just take your places; and let the ceremony proceed."

The Count begged a few moments' delay, for the purpose of providing himself with a white vest which he declared indispensable. Leave being granted, he entered the house to make the proposed improvement in his toilet, and the young man who had been called upon to officiate followed him to procure, he said, a dictionary or a prayer book to read the service from. They returned together in about ten minutes; the mock ceremony was performed, and they were pronounced man and wife.

"Now Madame," said the Count, with a slight assumption of lordly authority; "my coach is waiting in the street—we must make de journey to my palace in de country."

"Not so fast, Monsieur; I believe in your country married people very frequently do not live together, and as I am now a French woman I shall adopt French customs."

"Pardonnez moi, Madame—ven de Frenchman come in de republique, he do as de republicans."

"We will discuss that question at another time," said Delilah, "for the present, dear Monsieur, adieu!"

The Count remonstrated vehemently in bad English, and with ludicrously passionate gesticulations. Delilah laughed merrily, adjusting her bonnet and went home; flattering herself that she had sufficiently punished his impudence by making him the ridiculous hero of a joke.

It was about six o'clock the same evening that a servant tapped at the door of Delilah's chamber and delivered a message from her father requiring her presence in the library. Shaking off her drowsiness, for she had just been indulging a short nap, she hurried down to the library, where she found her father and mother, Dr Moore and aunt Marcia, assembled in solemn council. "There was a something in the solemn silence of the group and the awful gravity upon the features, that filled her with an unpleasant foreboding as she timidly inquired her father's will."

"Your folly, Delilah, has at length involved you in a serious difficulty," said the old man, in a tone of mingled sorrow and feebility.

"You would not heed my warnings," added aunt Marcia, "and now you will feel the consequences."

"I have been expecting it," chimed in her mother, "I have all along been in continued dread that she would bring some punishment upon herself."

"Countess Delilah de Laphinstank!" broke from the Doctor with sarcastic bitterness, "a pretty laughing-stock, truly, you have made of yourself for the rest of your days. You have saved me the trouble of giving you a homoeopathic dose in allopathic proportions—you have prepared yourself one that cannot fail to cure."

"What in the world can be the meaning of all this?" inquired Delilah, uncertain whether they were speaking in sober earnestness, or had formed a little plot to terrify her.

"That foolish marriage ceremony," resumed the father.

"Was a very innocent joke," interrupted the daughter.

"I hope it may prove so," said the old man, shaking his head gravely, "but at present it wears a very serious appearance."

"Ah, father," exclaimed Delilah, throwing her arms around his neck, with a gay smile, "you are only trying to frighten me."

Her father bit his lip and knit his brow in the effort to keep up the sternness which the carresses of his mischievous pet were fast dissipating and disengaging her arms, referred her to her uncle.

"You have carried your joke too far, this time, niece," said the doctor; "the Frenchman turned the table on you. Under the pretence of changing his vest it seems he slipped down to the clerk's office and procured a license; the young man who officiated was a regularly ordained minister; the ceremony, although you went through with mock ceremony, was in the form, and as you are of age, the marriage is perfectly valid—"

"Your husband has already instituted legal proceedings, to compel your father to give you up, and the case is to have a private hearing before Squire Playfair to-morrow."

"Oh, uncle, you are jesting surely," said Delilah, the tears springing into her eyes.

"You judge others by yourself, niece; but I have spoke the truth seriously."

It would be impossible to describe the violence of the girl's grief, when convinced of the reality of the Doctor's statement. Her parents appeared to console her in her distress, but made no effort to console her, nor held out any hope of escaping from the doom she had so inconsiderately brought



upon herself. Their seeming lack of sympathy shocked her even more than the difficulty itself. She refused to believe that the law could force her to live with a man whom she was sure she could never regard with other feelings than dislike and contempt. She relied too, upon the strength of Walter Lake's affection, and felt confident that his arm, if none other, would be found ready and all powerful to rescue her from so melancholy a fate. Anxiously and with streaming eyes, she watched for his coming, but when the hours waned and he came not as usual, fears and doubts began to gather in a sickening throng about her heart. She retired to her chamber at length, to weep away one part of the night, and to press the other in a slumber disturbed by dreadful visions.

The hour of the hearing of the case before the magistrate arrived next morning, and Delilah, in tears, accompanied by her father and uncle, entered the court and drove to Squire Playfair. The Count's counsel with a few witnesses, were awaiting their arrival. There was one thing, however, that struck Delilah as strange. That while the Frenchman's cause was entrusted to the hands of a lawyer, she was compelled to appear in person, and her friends had neglected to procure legal aid. She expressed her mind to her uncle, and insisted that Walter Lake should be immediately sent for.

"It will be useless, my dear," returned the Doctor, "the has been exasperated by your relentless writhing, the affair of yesterday determined his resentment."

An ashen pallor overspread the agitated girl's face, but it was quickly followed by a flash of indignation, and murmuring, "he's cold-hearted and false!" she turned to the magistrate with assumed calmness and signified that she was ready for the proceedings. The case was quickly despatched. The license was exhibited, the testimony examined, and the marriage incontestably proven to be valid. The magistrate without hesitation declared that the person of the wife must be delivered to the lawful husband. He then addressed a few words of mild admonition to the defendant and concluded by recommending resignation to her lot, and expressing a hope that the severe trial might result ultimately in her own happiness and good.

The provoking coolness and indifference to her feelings which she thought was displayed in the whole proceedings, by even her nearest and dearest relatives, aroused to the full Delilah's pride, enabled her to conceal for the time her harrowing emotion.

The Count's counsel now stated that a feeling of delicacy and regard for the lady's feelings had restrained his client from appearing in Court in person, but that a coach was waiting to convey her, under his charge, to her future home. He also expressed a desire that one of the lady's relatives should accompany her. The Doctor volunteered; Delilah took a constrained leave of her father; walked with a firm step to the carriage, and entered it with the dignified step of a martyr. But as the vehicle rolled off, and the feeling came over her that she was leaving her early home, kindred and friends, to share the fortunes of a stranger, whom she could not help regarding as a madman and a brute, her affected composure forsook her, and drooping her head upon her uncle's shoulder, her agony broke forth in tears and sobs. The Doctor strove to soothe her, by bringing to view the bright side of the picture. He dwelt upon the warm-heartedness and urbanity of the French character, the wealth and respectability of the Count, and expressed little doubt that she would soon become reconciled to her lot and learn to love her eccentric lord. All his words were ineffectual in mitigating her grief—she continued inconsolable.

The coach finally reached the place of destination, a beautiful country seat, some six or eight miles from the village, and Delilah, in a state of listless despair, suffered herself to be conducted into a elegantly furnished room where her uncle placed her on a sofa with her face buried in her hands, and left her, after an exhortation to compose herself for an interview with her husband. As she sat, reflecting upon her situation, she resolved to make an appeal to the generosity of the Count, to beg and entreat him to release her from her thoughtless vows; if that failed, to effect resignation, until the first chance of escape, and then go forth a wanderer, she knew not whither. In a few minutes the Frenchman entered. She did not look up, and he, seating himself by her side, said—

"Don't you, madame, I am very much delighted at you come."

At the sound of his execrable voice, Delilah could hardly repress the feelings of passionate resentment to which she was tempted, and the word "Monster," involuntarily broke from her lips.

"Ah, madame, you pronounce that word as if I were a monster, but I shall learn you to speak of French plus pertinamment. Monsieur is de proper."

A pique ensued; Delilah averted her head, and the Count very coolly divested himself of his wig; whiskers, moustache and green spectacles. This done, he laid his hand upon her arm, and dropping his assumed voice and dialect, said—

"Perhaps, Delilah, you may find me neither a Monsieur nor a monster."

At the first tones of the altered voice, Delilah started from her seat, and ere he had finished the sentence, overpowered with joyous emotion she had thrown herself, with a scream of delight into the arms of her own Walter.

Half an hour afterwards, when the Doctor entered, he found his niece cheerfully laughing over all she had suffered.

"How does the Countess Delilah de Leplianstank like homeopathic remedies in alopathic proportions now?" asked he in a tone of affectionate raillery.

"It was a cruel jest, but perhaps I deserved it," replied the laughing bride; "at any rate, I am so happy in being undeceived that I cannot feel angry with the preparator."

Delilah became to Walter a cheerful, devoted and amiable wife, but from that day forth eschewed practical joking. She has doubtless by this time discovered that there are others and sufficient modes of amusing ourselves, and enjoying life, without sporting with the feelings or doing violence to the prejudices of others.

What does a glazier get when he cracks his own work. His labor for his pains.

## Legislature of Maine.

### IN THE SENATE.

SATURDAY, May 10.

On motion of Mr. Skilling, a message was sent to the House proposing a convention of both branches, at 11 o'clock for the purpose of choosing seven Councillors to advise with the Governor, on all matters of importance, and also to elect a Secretary of State, and asking the concurrence of the House.

An order was introduced by Mr. Branson, that the several Clerks of the Courts make immediate returns to the Secretary of State, for the use of the Legislature relative to proceedings in the Courts of their respective counties, since the 1st day of August 1841, under the 30th chapter of Revised Statutes, concerning insolvent debtors, common victuallers, and retailers in spiritous liquors, as follows, viz: the indictments, the number of trials, the number convictions, the number of acquittals, and the amount of fines collected.

After some remarks from Mr. Dunn, the order was passed.

A communication was received from the Secretary of State transmitting the County Estimates which was referred to the appropriate Committee.

A message was received from the Senate proposing a Convention, forthwith, for the purpose of choosing Councillors and a Secretary of State. The House concurred. The Senate subsequently came in and a convention was formed.

### IN CONVENTION.

Messrs. Dunn, Knowlton and Partridge, of the Senate, and Messrs. Ouf of Garland, Taylor of Porter, and Eaton of Farmington, of the House, were appointed a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for Councillors. The Committee subsequently reported that the

Whole number of votes was	163
Samuel M. Dunn of York had	104
William Dunn of Cumberland	104
Thomas Simmons of Lincoln	104
Sam'l H. Talbot of Washington	104
Stephen Howard of Kennebec	104
Franklin Smith of Somerset	104
Charles Stetson of Penobscot	104
Nathaniel J. Miller	104
Edward T. Little	104
Zina Hyde	104
Andrew Peters	104
Geo. W. Ingersoll	104
Dennis Moore	104
Jona. Marston	104
Daniel Appleton	104
Daniel Hall	104
Samuel Whitney	104
Samuel M. Pond	104
Jeremiah Curtis	104
Wm. A. Crocker	104
Suttering	104

and that the seven gentlemen first named were elected. The report was accepted.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Bellamy, R. Porter, and R. K. J. Porter, of the Senate, and Messrs. Marble, of Poland, Elliot of Bowdoin, and C. Van Buren, of the House, was appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for Secretary of State.

Whole number of votes was	167
Ezra B. French had	107
Nathan Cummings	51
Seth May	5
Sam'l P. Benson	1

and that the gentleman first named was elected. The report was accepted. The Convention then adjourned.

On motion of Mr. Allen of Bangor the Committee on Finance was directed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Tax Law for the current year.

The Joint Standing Committee provided for by the joint rules were received from the Senate and joined to, so that they stand as follows:

**On the Judiciary.**—Messrs. Allen, Bangor and Knowlton of the Senate; and Messrs. Allen of Bangor, Levensaler of Thomaston, Hayden of Eastport, Fox of Brunswick, Gatch of North Anson, Frost of Bethel, and Oaks of Garland, of the House.

**Education.**—Messrs. Thurston, Redington, and Jackson of the Senate; and Messrs. Barnes of Portland, Hill of Moscow, Grant of Litchfield, Treat of Frankfort, Davis of Lewi, Edgercomb of Vassal, and Chase of Sebaste, of the House.

**Bank and Banking.**—Messrs. Houghton, Thompson, and R. K. J. Porter of the Senate; and Messrs. Levensaler, of Thomaston, Lee of Calais, Tremain of Haysville, Reed of Waltham, Palmer of Perry, Barnard of Kennebec, and Reed of Roxbury, of the House.

**Incorporations of Towns.**—Messrs. Sargent, Bursley, and Monroe of the Senate; and Messrs. Fox of Brunswick, Soule of Freeport, Young of Washington, McFarland of Trenton, Look of Columbia, Freeman of Monmouth, and Libby of Sumner, of the House.

**Division of Towns.**—Messrs. Holden, Monroe, and Bursley of the Senate; and Messrs. Holman of Dixfield, Eaton of Farmington, Currier of Sedgewick, Trip of Sanford, Crosby of Concord, Treat of Frankfort, and Moore of Lisbon, of the House.

**Division of Counties.**—Messrs. Pillsbury, Skilling, and Barnes of the Senate; and Messrs. Merry of Edgecomb, Perkins of Wells, Ingersoll of Danville, Hanson of Crawford, Marston of Mt. Vernon, Berry of Biddeford, and Webber of York, of the House.

**On State Lands and State Roads.**—Messrs. Hastings, Branson and Pillsbury of the Senate; and Messrs. Ouf of Hallowell, Parker of Golden Ridge, Prince of North Yarmouth, Brown of Thomaston, Norcross of Charleston, Smith of Cambridge, and Moore of Newfield, of the House.

**Indian Affairs.**—Messrs. Haines, Smith and Barrett of the Senate; and Messrs. Palmer of Perry, Day of Bristol, Crane of Eddington, Libby of Harrison, Skilling of Albion, Lory of Acton, and Taylor of Porterville, of the House.

**Agriculture.**—Messrs. Skilling, Lathrop, and R. J. K. Porter of the Senate; and Messrs. Thomas of Newburg, Stuart of Hollis, Currier of Cornville, Noyes of Jay, Hayden of Winslow, Trickey of Cape Elizabeth, and Farrar of Baileyville, of the House.

**Fisheries.**—Messrs. Partridge, Godfrey, and Barnes of the Senate; and Messrs. Hall of Warren, Woods of Gardiner, Straton of Gouldsborough, Bridge of Dresden, Vinal of Vinalhaven, Balch of Lubec, and Roggles of Carmel of the House.

**Manufactures.**—Messrs. Branson, Barrett, and R. Porter of the Senate; and Messrs. Tucker of Saco, Brown of Clinton, Lemont of Brunswick Hinks of Buxport Hall of Wiscasset, Thayer of Oxford, and Morrison of Skowhegan, of the House.

**Railroads and Bridges.**—Messrs. Dunn, Redington and Bellamy, of the Senate; and Messrs. Paine of Bangor, Small of East Machias, Magoun of Bath, Pitcher of Northport, Ouf of Hallowell, White of Windham, and Wildes of Phippsburg, of the House.

**Interior Waters.**—Messrs. Berry, Perry, and Hodgdon, of the Senate; and Messrs. Hill of Webster, Russ of Paris, Keene of Augusta, Paviland of Waterville, Drury of Enfield, Holt of Turner, and Rust of Palermo, of the House.

**Accounts.**—Messrs. Thompson, Knowlton, and Monroe, of the Senate; and Messrs. McLellan of Gorham, Adams of Norridgewock, Sturdevant of Cumberland, Rand of Townsend, Gardner of Patten, Gould of Wilton, and Ridley of Leeds, of the House.

**Criminals.**—Messrs. R. K. J. Porter, R. Porter, and Pillsbury of the Senate; and Messrs. Blake of Camden, Gilchrist of St. George, Fuller of Hartland, Dunham of Madell, Currier of Lyman, Milikin of Sebaste, and Bennett of Hope, of the House.

**Militia.**—Messrs. Perry, Hastings, and Thurston of the Senate; and Messrs. Thompson of Unity, Kingsbury of Kingsbury, Doe of Parsonsfield, Frost of Sidney, Marble of Portland, Cutter of Nobleborough, and Patten of Kingsfield, of the House.

**Military Penitents.**—Messrs. Monroe, Holden and Bellamy of the Senate; and Messrs. Breddle of Westbrook, Ayers of Alsea, C. Van Buren, Fairfield of Vassalborough, Small of Pownall, Choate of Whitefield, and Morton of Bridgewater, of the House.

**Insane Hospital.**—Messrs. Barrett, Thurston and Sargent of the Senate; and Messrs. Friend of Wadsworth, Moulton of Standish, Reed of Etna, Denning of Mt. Desert, Elliot of Bowdoin, Lamson of Troy, and Tuck of Fayette, of the House.

**State Prison.**—Messrs. Knowlton, Allen, and Jackson of the Senate; and Messrs. Magoun of Bath, Brown of Thomaston, Harriman of Portland, Lambart of Dover, Babbage of Deer Isle, Banel of Baldwin, and Pitts of Bloomfield, of the House.

**Public Buildings.**—Messrs. Bellamy, R. Porter, and Smith of the Senate; and Messrs. Lemont of Brunswick, Howard of Auburn, Child of Hartland, Holbrook of Searks, Milikin of Buxton, Head of Argyle, and Rowe of Brewer, of the House.

**Library.**—Messrs. Jackson, Dunn, and Allen of the Senate; and Messrs. Gschel of Anson, Barnes of Portland, Cook of Casco, Page of Bangor, Briggs of Kilkland, Waller of Kennebec, and Munger of Livermore.

### IN THE SENATE.

MONDAY, May 18.

The President announced the following Standing Committees:

**On Bills in 2d reading.**—Messrs. Porter of Cumberland, Dunn, Allen, Thompson, Lathrop, Jackson, Knowlton, Barrett, Smith, Partridge, Godfrey, Hastings.

**On Engrossed Bills.**—Messrs. Bursley, Hodgdon, Pillsbury, Monroe, Barnes, Holmes, Sargent, Porter of Somerset, Redington, Holden, Bellamy, Perry.

The order directing the Clerks of the various Courts to make returns relative to proceedings under the Insane Law, on motion of Mr. Branson, was called up and passed.

**IN THE HOUSE.**

Mr. McLellan of Gorham, offered an order giving the Committee on Elections power to send for persons and papers in the case of Messrs. Hersey and Coburn, claiming seats from Belfast; which, after some explanation, was on motion of Mr. Barnes of Portland, referred to the Committee on Elections.

### IN THE SENATE.

TUESDAY, May 19.

The President of the Senate being absent, the Senators were called to order by the Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Monroe, Ordered, That Messrs. Monroe, Bellamy and Lathrop, be a committee to receive sort, and count the votes for a President pro tem, who reported the whole Number of votes 23. Necessary for a choice, 12; Mr. Dunn had 17, Mr. Allen 3, Mr. Holden 1, Hastings 1, and Branson 1, and Mr. Dunn was elected President pro tem.

### IN THE HOUSE.

A message was received from the Senate, proposing a convention for the purpose of qualifying Charles Stetson, Silas Howard, Thomas Simmons, and Wm. Dunn, Councillors elect who have signified the acceptance; and the House concurred.

### IN CONVENTION.

A convention having been formed for the above purpose, Mr. Hodgdon of Acworth was charged with a message to the Councillors, as

lect, and Messrs. Stetson, Howard, Simmons and Dunn came in and took and subscribed the oaths of office, which were administered by the President pro tem of the Senate.

### IN THE HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 20.

A Convention of both branches was formed for the purpose of electing a Treasurer of State, Messrs. Holden and Barrett, of the Senate and Chadwick of China, Russ of Palermo, and Choate of Whitefield, of the House, were appointed a Committee to receive, sort and count the votes. They reported as follows:

Whole number of ballots	161
Necessary to a choice	82
James White had	107
James Crosby	54
Blank	2

The convention then separated.

Mr. Rogers of Kittery, from the committee on elections, made a report on the order giving said committee leave to send for persons and papers in the Belfast contested election case, that the order ought to pass—report accepted.

Mr. Holman of Dixfield, by leave introduced a resolve granting to the official chaplain of the House, access to the Library, which was read once and referred to the committee on the Library.

THURSDAY, May 21.

Mr. Farrar of Baileyville introduced an order directing the committee on agriculture to enquire into the expediency of allowing each citizen to own twenty sheep exempt from taxation.

Mr. Chadwick of Portland opposed the order, contending that there was no more reason for the exemption of this species of property than any other.

Mr. Farrar advocated the inquiry—he wished the poor man to be allowed the privilege of keeping a few sheep.

The order was passed 129 in the affirmative.

### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 26, 1846.

### Democratic State Convention.

A Democratic State Convention, for the nomination of a Candidate for GOVERNOR, will be held at the City Hall, in Portland, on Wednesday, July 1, next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

All towns and organized societies having 1500 inhabitants and under, will send one Delegate each—towns and cities having more than 1500 and not exceeding 3000, will send each two Delegates; over 3000 and not exceeding 4500, three; and so on in the same ratio.

CHARLES HOLMES, Cumberland.  
WM. C. ALLEN, York.  
R. K. J. PORTER, Portland.  
GUTHRIE WHITE, Kennebunk.  
JAMES GROVER, Oxford.  
JOHN L. CUTLER, Franklin.  
JACOB Z. FRIEDLAND, Portland.  
H. W. TRINIGRAM, Wells.  
ASA CLARK, Somerset.  
J. S. MERRILL, Passamaquoddy.

August, May 18, 1846.

### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We last week held before our readers the President's Message, in relation to the war with Mexico, without comment or remark. Indeed, we had neither time for the one nor room for the other, our columns were crowded with other matter of an interesting and important nature which we were desirous of laying before our readers. Its clear, simple, honest, and patriotic statement of the many grievances which we have suffered at the hands of Mexico, and for the redress of which, the President calls upon the energy and patriotism of the Republic, seems to meet with but one reply, recognizing the Republican principle of this country. But yet there seems to be a certain idea in the public mind, and one which the greater portion of the Federal papers encourage as such as possible, that this war has resulted wholly from the Annihilation of Texas, and that, if the United States are not wholly in the wrong, yet they have been so for the past several years, that they should submit to such a humiliating and dishonouring condition, as to be reduced to the position of a conquered people. Such at least is the tenor of the charges, and the charge of the Federal papers, but we are not prepared to concede that their opinion is correct. It is a charge of a very serious nature, and one which, if true, would be a disgrace to the Republic. The history of the wrongs suffered by the United States from Mexico, would make a long chapter in the history of our country, and we have not space to detail them. But we will say, that the wrongs suffered by the United States from Mexico, are not such as to justify a war of annihilation. The Republic is not a nation of conquerors, and she will not submit to such a humiliating and dishonouring condition, as to be reduced to the position of a conquered people. The Republic is a nation of free men, and she will not submit to such a humiliating and dishonouring condition, as to be reduced to the position of a conquered people. The Republic is a nation of free men, and she will not submit to such a humiliating and dishonouring condition, as to be reduced to the position of a conquered people.

### From the Army.

**BATTLE ON THE RIO GRANDE.**

By the arrival of a gentleman from New Orleans, from the 11th inst., the following interesting particulars of the subsequent attack upon the camp of the United States, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, have been furnished to the N. O. Picayune. It may be stated on authority, that the attack was made on the 25th inst., the day on which the army of the Republic was defeated at Palo Alto.

On the 25th inst., the main body of the army of the Republic, as mentioned from the camp on the Rio Grande, leaving in the morning the field operations, the 7th regiment of Infantry, and the company of artillery commanded by Lieut. Leavelle and Lieut. Rogers, the whole commanded by Major Brown of the Infantry. On the 25th inst., the army encamped at Palo Alto.

On the 25th, a heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Matamoros, which continued during the day, of intervals through the night and the day of the 26th. Owing to the difficulty of communicating with the fort, no intelligence was received at head quarters respecting the result of the cannonading, until the morning of the 26th, when a party was sent forward to ascertain the particulars, a brief statement of which is as follows:

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, a fire was opened on the fort, from one of the Mexican batteries, and was continued with seven guns. The fire was immediately returned, and the battery was silenced by our guns in ten minutes. Two of the Mexican guns were supposed to be dismounted. The enemy then ceased firing.

From the lower fort and mortar battery a brisk fire of shot and shell was kept up, but without damage to the fort or personnel. A deliberate fire was kept up by our 12 pounders upon the enemy's guns in the city of Matamoros, the cannonading flags being respected.

The fire of the enemy was kept up without suspension till half past seven o'clock. At ten it was temporarily suspended. It recommenced and continued at intervals to 12 o'clock at night, although it is believed that the enemy's guns were not fired.







